JUSTICE LEAGUE®

TASK FORCE

TM

25
JUL 95

PRIEST
BERNARDO
WALLACE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

VELLUTO & ALBRECHT

DETAILS

PHILADELPHIA.

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER RAY TERRILL LEFT * BRONZE TIGER'S APARTMENT.

THIS IS MYSTEK, A RECENT ACQUAINTANCE.**

RAY TERRILL IS A *DEAD MAN.*

I'M GONNA *KILL* HIM.

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*WHICH MEANS THE STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER DAMAGE #14
**RAY FOUGHT MYSTEK IN THE RAY #12
--CONTINUITY LAD

I HAD HIM... DEAD TO RIGHTS... AND I JUST HIM WALK! FELL FOR THE LAMEST TRICK IN THE BOOK--

--THE OLD "MAKE A LIGHT CONSTRUCT DUPLICATE OF MYSELF" BIT.

GEE, SCOOBY, I NEVER WOULDA FIGURED THAT OUT.

THIS RAY GUY WANDERS INTO MY STORE--SETTING OFF HALF A DOZEN SENSORS AND REGISTERING ON MY RIG AS A POWERFUL META-HUMAN--

--BUYS A MOTHER-BOARD FOR HIS LAPTOP AND SPLITS! Oh YEAH, LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE HE DIDN'T COME THERE TO SMOKE ME OUT!

LIKE, HE DIDN'T KNOW I HAVE A SECRET LAB DOWN IN THE BASEMENT.

CONSIDERING THE TOP-SECRET STUFF MY DAD WAS INTO WHEN HE GOT SNATCHED, I FIGURED IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE FEDS SENT SOMEONE AFTER ME.

THEY COULD'VE BEEN A LITTLE LESS OBVIOUS, THOUGH. THIS TERRILL GUY WAS TOO DOPEY FOR WORDS.

EVEN WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM, HE KEPT SWEARING HE WAS JUST A REGULAR GUY.

THEN, THE RAY STEPPED IN AND "SAVED" TERRILL FROM ME--

--AND I BOUGHT IT.

LIKE, I JUST FORGOT THE GUY PROCESSES SOLAR ENERGY THE WAY I PROCESS QUARK ENERGY.

HE COULD HAVE EASILY CREATED A DOUBLE OUT OF SOLID LIGHT-- JUST TO GET RID OF ME.*

WELL, Mr. RAY, IT JUST AIN'T THAT SIMPLE. YOU SPOOK ME, I SPOOK YOU.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE--

*WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT HE DID IN THE RAY #12 --ROO

--oh, YEAH. THAT'S RIGHT. I REMEMBER NOW--

--HELL'S WAITING ROOM.

CLICK

I LIVE IN A *CLOSET* IN A SUB-BASEMENT OF *CIRCUIT SHACK.*

THIS JOINT MAKES MINE LOOK LIKE *DOLLYWOOD.*

Oh WELL, LOOKS LIKE I MISSED HIM--

--AND I HAVE TO PEE.

GOTTA RE-THINK THIS ONE-PIECE COSTUME DESIGN. THIS KINDA THING CAN GET REALLY--

--INCONVENIENT--

KNOCK KNOCK

I TAWT I TAW A PUDDY TAT.

NOW I'LL JUST BET THAT WAS SOME ARCH-VILLAIN COME TO AMBUSH RAY AS PART OF HIS PLAN TO ATTAIN WORLD DOMINATION.

THAT, OR ONE OF THOSE AMWAY GUYS.

WHO ARE YOU?

HILLARY CLINTON. NOW IT CAN BE TOLD.

ARE YOU *SUB-LETTING*?

THIS DUMP? YEAH, RIGHT.

FOR A *KOREAN*, YOUR ENGLISH IS VERY GOOD.

Oh, THANK YOU "*PAPA-SAN*," MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT I WAS BORN IN *QUEENS*.

HEY, I'M *CHINESE*, PUNK.

WELL, *Duh*.

ONLY THOSE GEEK *ROUND-EYES* GET THAT STUFF WRONG, I WAS JUST FUNNIN' YA.

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE FUNNY.

Y'KNOW, MUCH AS THAT BREAKS MY HEART, I'M JUST GONNA HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GO ON.

THIS CAME FOR RAY.

TELL HIM Mr. FU SAYS HE'S NOT HIS FRIGGIN' DELIVERY BOY.

IS THAT TWO "G"'S IN "*FRIGGIN'*"?

IN THE *OLD COUNTRY*, I'D HAVE YOU *CANED*.

HEY, FU, I WAS BORN IN *QUEENS*. TO ME, THIS *IS* THE "*OLD COUNTRY*."

"*HEY, FU--DON'T BE AFRAID--TAKE A SAD SONNG AND MAKE IT BET-TER-ER-ER--!*"

AT LEAST HE DIDN'T TRY AND PINCH MY BUTT.

WELL, THIS WAS A BUST.

I COULD JUST WAIT AROUND HERE ALL DAY... I COULD STAKE OUT THE JOINT FROM ACROSS THE STREET...

...OR I COULD READ HIS MAIL.

WOW. A 4'×6' SHEET OF PLASTIC. MUST BE HIS BIRTHDAY.

"Homed in on your signal device for your address. Hope you're not too ticked. Jump in as soon as you get it. --Will"

"SIGNAL DEVICE"?!

Duh.

THE SMOKING GUN. SO TERRILL IS THE RAY.

AND HIS TASTE IN CLOTHES HAS GOTTEN... EERILY EFFEMINATE.

OKAY, SO WHAT'S THIS "WILL" GUY MEAN BY "JUMP IN"--?

MAN, I HOPE THIS ISN'T SOME KIND OF ICKY MARITAL AID.

--HEY--!! HOLD IT--!!

WAIT JUST A DAMNED--

--MINUTE--

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT!!

YOU'RE SOME KIND OF *GOVERNMENT AGENCY*--AND YOU'VE *FINALLY* CAPTURED ME!!

WELL, I'VE A *CLUE* FOR YOU GUYS--NABBING ME IS *ONE* THING--

--KEEPING ME IS ANOTHER!!

HEY!!

LOOK OUT!

USE EXTREME CAUTION.

WELL, THREE CHEERS FOR *BARNEY.*

A BIG *Mr. SCIENCE* FAN, Huh ?

YOUNG MAN, I *MUST* INSIST--

SUBJECT IS MANIPULATING ENERGY AT A *SUB-ATOMIC* LEVEL, YIELDING A HIGH-TOLERANCE ELASTIC PROACTIVE MATTER.

--YOU *CEASE* THIS HOSTILITY *IMMEDIATELY.*

J'ONN--WAIT-- YOUR ENERGY-- AND *HIS*--IT'S--

--MAKING A MESS--

--GYPSY--?!

HOLDING MY *OWN*, TRIUMPH,

WHO *IS* THIS KID, ANYWAY--?!

ZAK

ZAK!!

DON'T ASK *ME!* ISN'T HE A FRIEND OF *YOURS*--?!

NOPE. TOO SHORT. I DON'T DO MIDGETS.

WELL, JUNIOR, *WHATEVER* YOUR STORY IS--

--IT'S *NAP TIME.*

HERE'S A LITTLE *VARIABLE-DENSITY* ZERO GRAV FIELD TO HELP YOU *COOL OFF.*

YOU ALWAYS BLAB OUT THE *EXACT NATURE* OF YOUR ATTACK, WONDER BOY?

WELL, HERE'S A LITTLE PHYSICS 101 FOR YOU. PAY ATTENTION, 'CUZ THERE'LL BE A *QUIZ* LATER.

YOU'RE TOSSING AROUND A BUNCH OF PROTONS AND NEUTRONS TO CREATE YOUR STUPID MAGNETIC FIELDS.

I DEAL WITH *QUARKS.* THAT'S TWO LEVELS OF SUB-ATOMIC PARTICULATE MATTER *BELOW* WHERE YOU'RE OPERATING.

TASTES GREAT. LESS FILLING. YAWN.

Uh-- TRIUMPH--

IT *MEANS,* GOLDILOCKS, THAT MY TEENY-WEENIE QUARKS CAN SLIP BETWEEN YOUR BIG, CLUMSY PROTONS--

--AND GET YOU ALL CHOKED UP!!

JUST SO YOU KNOW, I CAN *USE* ANY ELECTRONIC DEVICE AS A "*WINDOW*" TO THE PROACTIVE MATTER STATE MY POWERS AFFECT.

Oh YEAH, AND LAST WEEK, I *FINALLY* LEARNED HOW TO DO THE CABBAGE PATCH--

--YEEEARGHH!!

WILL--!!

DEATH TO ALL ENEMIES!!

IT WAS ON *STUN.*

SO--DID I *MISS* THE *PARTY*--?

Ah, BUT HOW *COULD* I?

WHO WOULD ACTUALLY *DEPRIVE* THEMSELVES OF THE RAPIER WIT OF *GENE RABUZZO,* TECHNOLOGY BROKER TO THE STARS!

ANYBODY WANT A *MINT*--?

YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T *ROUGHHOUSE* IN HERE. THE EQUIPMENT'S NOT BUILT FOR *COMBAT TRAINING!*

Ah, BUT WHAT'S A FEW *COST OVERRUNS* TO FINE HEROES SUCH AS YOURSELVES?

Mr. RABUZZO--

--THE *ELECTRON SHIELD* HAS MALFUNCTIONED, TRANSPORTING A *HOSTILE* RIGHT INTO OUR *WAR ROOM*. I SHOULD THINK *YOU* ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGE--

Ah-ah, MY DEAR MARTIAN. I BUILT A *HOLE* IN A WALL--A *CAVITY* IF YOU WILL. NEED I REMIND YOU, THE TECHNOLOGY FOR YOUR TRANSPORT SYSTEM WAS PROVIDED BY--

NO, I SUPPOSE NOT.

--THE *THREE EYED* GENTLEMEN FROM BEYOND THE STARS!

NEED I ALSO REMIND YOU, IT WAS *TRIUMPH* WHO INSISTED THE *ONLY WAY* IN OR OUT OF THE WAR ROOM SHOULD BE THE *ELECTRON SHIELD*--?

IT WAS *ON STUN.*

THE INTRUDER HAS BEEN SENT TO *SECTOR NINE*--THE *HOLDING* CELL--?

SECTOR *FIVE* IS THE HOLDING CELL, J'ONN! SECTOR *NINE* IS--

--YOU REALLY *MUST* READ THE *MANUALS*--

--WHO *KNOWS* WHAT DAMAGE THAT FELLOW MAY HAVE WROUGHT BY NOW--

--OR HOW MUCH IT'LL COST TO FIX!

--LET'S SEE --CARRY THE ONE--

DAMAGE, Hmmmm?

MARVELOUS! A NAME SO *GLUTINOUS* WITH *POTENTIAL*--!

Ah, I SEE TODAY IS *OPEN HOUSE!*

AND, JUST WHICH ONE MIGHT *YOU* BE--?

I'M *DAMAGE*--AND I'M LOOKING FOR THE *TASK FORCE!*

MEANWHILE...

FAN OUT-- HE COULD BE ANYWHERE.

L-RON--?

SCANNING.

I AM NOT COMPLETELY COMFORTABLE WITH YOUR CHOICE IN *CONTRACTORS*, TRIUMPH.

MY FIRST IMPRESSION IS THIS INVASION IS SOME SCHEME OF RABUZZO'S.

WE DID *WRECK* HIS MAIN MANU-FACTURING FACILITY A FEW WEEKS AGO--*

--IN RETALIATION FOR RABUZZO'S COORDINATION OF THE *ATTACK* ON OUR OLD HEADQUARTERS.**

NO WAY, J'ONN--

*ISH #21 AND **17--ROO

--RABUZZO IS A *PROFESSIONAL*. IF WORD EVER GOT OUT HE SET UP ONE OF HIS OWN CLIENTS, HE'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS.

VANDAL SAVAGE-- A MAN OF, AT BEST, *DUBIOUS* MORALS--IS RABUZZO'S *BIGGEST CLIENT.*

DETAILS, RABUZZO'S THE *BEST.*

AND, BY *STUDYING* HIS TECHNOLOGY, WE GAIN INSIGHT INTO *SAVAGE'S*--

J'ONN, I BELIEVE THE INTRUDER IS IN--

WHAAAAAAAAM

--THE ROTOJET.

NOW THERE'S A BRIGHT ONE.

BET YOU CAN FIND WALDO, TOO.

WELL, IT'S BEEN NICE HANGING AROUND YOUR LITTLE CLUBHOUSE--

CHOOMM!

--BUT I'VE GOT TO BE GOING.

WELL...THIS SURE DOESN'T *LOOK* LIKE PHILADELPHIA! AND WHERE'S THE *REST* OF THE COMPLEX-- UNDERGROUND--?!

NNIIIARHHH!!

GOTTA MAKE SOME *CHOICES* HERE.

SINCE I DON'T KNOW *WHERE* I AM OR *WHAT'S* WAITING FOR ME BEYOND THE PERIMETER--

--MAYBE MY BEST DEFENSE IS THE *UNEXPECTED.*

MAN, THAT KID BURNS ME UP...

J'ONN-- LOOK OUT!

WHAAM!

BOUGHT ME ABOUT *THREE SECONDS.*

I FIGURE THEY'RE NOT EXPECTING ME TO GO BACK INTO THE HANGAR.

ALL I NEED ARE A COUPLE *HEARTBEATS*--

--*HEY!!*

FORGOT ABOUT THAT *CAMOUFLAGE* CHICK--!

NOT SO FAST, JUNIOR! YOU AND ME ARE GONNA HAVE A LITTLE--

WHAAAM

--THEIR *NEW HEADQUARTERS.* NOT FULLY ON-LINE YET, BUT CLOSE. ALTHOUGH, IT WAS *CLOSER* BEFORE SOME KID BURST IN HERE AND BLEW UP THE *WAR ROOM.*

EUGENE R. RABUZZO, WESTLAKE DEFENSE SYSTEMS AT YOUR SERVICE.

NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL. MY CARD.

WE BUILD TO ORDER. SAY IF YOU NEED A *HEADQUARTERS*--OR MAYBE A *DAMAGE-MOBILE*--I'M YOUR MAN.

I'VE GOT AN NSC* LEVEL 3 SECURITY CLEARANCE, MASTERTECH CERTIFICATION, AND THREE *SOLDIER OF FORTUNE* IMAGE AWARDS!

BUT--YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHOSE SIDE I'M ON --IF I'M A *HERO* OR A *VILLAIN*--

DETAILS.

*NATIONAL SECURITY COMMISSION--RGOO

GYPSY-- WHERE'S THE BOY--?!

WHAT--? WHO--?

C'MON, GYPSY-- SHAKE IT OFF!

EASY, TRIUMPH--

--OUR YOUNG *VISITOR* IS *FRIGHTENED* OF US. I'M STARTING TO THINK THE INTRUSION WAS ACCIDENTAL.

OH YEAH... I THOUGHT OF THAT... YUP...

...I THINK HE WENT THAT WAY...

I'VE HAD ABOUT *ENOUGH* OF THIS.

JONN SECOND GUESSING ME-- UNDERMINING MY DECISIONS.

I'VE BEEN TRAINING FOR THIS WORK FOR *HALF OF MY LIFE*. IT'S *MY FORTUNE* THAT *FINANCED* THIS NEW HEADQUARTERS.

I KNOW I'VE *GOT A LOT* TO LEARN--BUT I'M NOT AN *IDIOT*, EITHER.

MAYBE I NEED A TEAM OF MY *OWN*--A GROUP I CAN WORK WITH *MY* WAY--

--YEAH-- AND I KNOW JUST WHERE TO START--

--AARRRGGHH!

ZZZTTT

LOOK, Mr. RABUZZO--

GENE! I INSIST!

--GENE, I'VE GOT TO FIND THE TASK FORCE *RIGHT NOW.*

IT'S AN *EMERGENCY.*

DAMAGE, YOU SAY. WHAT'S YOUR POWER ?

Um... I GET REALLY STRONG AND I'M KINDA INVULNERABLE...AND I BLOW THINGS UP.

THEY'RE IN THE *LOUNGE.*

Y'KNOW, KID--

--YOU'RE STARTING TO *BUG* ME.

THUD

Oh, GEE-- THERE GOES THAT *NOBEL* I WAS UP FOR.

MAN, WHAT A *STUPID* ROOM-- THIS *VIRTUAL REALITY* SUN DECK. WHAT NEXT, WHOOP! GOLDBERG MIXING DRINKS ?

THOSE *WALL PANELS* MAKE *GREAT* BATTERING RAMS, ONCE I DRAW QUARK ENERGY THROUGH THE IMAGE PROJECTORS BEHIND THEM.

SSKREEE-KRUNNCCCHH!!

TRIUMPH, RIGHT?

HEY, MY NAME IS *MYSTEK*-- BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW THAT. WELL DIG THIS, Mr. T.--

--I WILL *NEVER* LET MYSELF GET PINCHED BY YOU GOVERNMENT PSYCHOS AGAIN, UNDERSTAND? I AM *NOBODY'S* BIOLOGY EXPERIMENT.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

Uh-huh. RIGHT, YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MY *DAD*-- OR ABOUT *TANK*-- THAT'S WHY YOU HAD THAT *RAY* GUY *LURE* ME HERE.

KERAAACK!!

RAY--? WHAT'S *HE* GOT TO DO WITH--

HEY-- WHAT ARE YOU-- *STUPID*--?!

HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO TELL ME WHAT THIS WAS ALL ABOUT.

WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN *BEFORE* OR *AFTER* HE *KILLED* YOU?

Oh, AND BY THE WAY, *YOU'RE WELCOME.*

DAMAGE --!!

SIR!

ARE YOU *INJURED?*

NO, SIR--

--WE ARE JUST *FINE*, "SIR."

L-RON'S AND MY BEST GUESS IS *MYSTEK* GAINED ACCESS TO RAY'S ELECTRON SHIELD AND UNWITTINGLY STUMBLED INTO IT. AS FOR THE BOY'S CONSPIRACY *PARANOIA*--

--*THAT* WE HAVE NO CLUE ABOUT. IT IS CLEAR, HOWEVER, MYSTEK IS TERRIFIED OF *SOMETHING* OR *SOMEONE*.

IT IS OUR *DUTY* TO *HELP* HIM.

UH-- IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, SIR, BUT--

--THIS KID TRIED TO *KILL* Y'ALL. MAYBE YOU'D WANT TO *LOCK* HIM *UP*-- AND *THEN* HELP HIM.

I WILL NOT *HOLD* MYSTEK AGAINST HIS WILL. WE ARE NOT AN AUTHORIZED POLICE FORCE. IN ADDITION, IT IS *VITAL* THIS INSTALLATION MAINTAIN A *LOW COMMUNITY PROFILE*.

NO ONE SHOULD SUSPECT WE ARE *HERE*.

HERE *WHERE*? WHERE AM I, ANYWAY?

I WOULD PREFER THE LOCATION OF THIS INSTALLATION REMAIN *SECRET*.

WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION, HOW DID *YOU* GET IN AND WHAT DO *YOU* WANT?

THE RAY PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH THE *BRONZE TIGER*--WHO LET ME USE GYPSY'S TRANSPORTER.*

*SEE DAMAGE #14 --ROO

RAY WAS HELPIN' ME TRACK *DOCTOR POLARIS* BUT WE CAME UP *EMPTY*.

AND SEEING HOW RAY'S STILL SHAKIN' UP ABOUT THAT *PLANE CRASH*--

BEWARE--!!

ARRAH!!

TOO LATE.

THAT JET *SUPERMAN* SAVED--IN PHILADELPHIA? *RAY* HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT--?

IT'S COMPLICATED, TRIUMPH--**

**AND YES, IT IS. SEE RAY ANNUAL #1 --ROO

NO--!! MY *ENERGY*--I'M --I'M *LOSIN'* IT--!!

EVERYBODY-- *LOOK OUT* --!!

KAARROOOOWWW

YAii

SO LONG, SUCKERS.

J'ONN--

--WHY DO ALL OUR HEADQUARTERS *BLOW UP--?*

I'LL GET MYSTEK--

NO, TRIUMPH. LET HIM GO. I'M CERTAIN I'LL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM.

HEY--YOU OKAY--?

YEAH...A LITTLE *EMBARRASSED* ...BUT FINE...

J'ONN-- I CAN "*FIND*" HIM *NOW.*

IF I HADN'T THROWN UP A *FORCE FIELD*, WE'D ALL BE *DEAD!*

I DO NOT BELIEVE MYSTEK IS A *THREAT*, TRIUMPH. I WILL DEAL WITH HIM IN *DUE TIME.*

YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, WILL *FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS.*

YES. I CERTAINLY WILL.

I'M GOING UP TO THE WAR ROOM TO CHECK ON RABUZZO--

--AND MAKE A FEW *PHONE CALLS--*

Mr. J'ONNZ-- MANHUNTER--

--I'M *REALLY* SORRY.

I'M STILL LEARNING HOW TO *HANDLE* MY POWERS--AND MYSTEK TOOK ME BY SURPRISE--

NO NEED TO EXPLAIN, DAMAGE, AS I SAID AT YOUR *TRIAL*, * I BELIEVE YOU TO BE A NOBLE PERSON--

--PERHAPS IN NEED OF SOME TRAINING.

*DAMAGE #7--RDO

I WILL INSPECT THE STRUCTURAL DAMAGE.

SO, DAMAGE, HOW MAY WE BE OF ASSISTANCE?

YEAH. WHAT'S UP, DOC?

"DOC" IS *RIGHT.* DOC *POLARIS* IS ON THE LOOSE-- THANKS TO ME--

I *LOVE* WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE--

--PARTICULARLY THE STUNNING *VIEW.*

FASCINATING. GENE RABUZZO BUILDS A HIGH-TECH HAVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN AFFLUENT BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD--

--COMPLETE WITH HANGAR FACILITIES IN KANSAS LINKED TO THIS ONE BY DESPERO-- I'M SORRY--*L-RON'S* ALIEN TECHNOLOGY.

I ACTUALLY HAD TO *WORK* AT FINDING YOU. I'M IMPRESSED.

VANDAL SAVAGE!

VANDAL?

WE'RE *THRILLED.*

WHAT, DID WE HANG A "*BARGE ON IN*" SIGN OR WHAT?!

GYPSY--!

YEAH, I KNOW IT'S JUST A *HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION*-- LIKE *LAST TIME*--*

--THEN AGAIN--

THWIP

I AM *QUITE REAL, GYPSY.*

AND PLEASE DO NOT FAULT Mr. RABUZZO. HE ISN'T EVEN AWARE I AM HERE.

THEN STATE YOUR PURPOSE.

MY PURPOSE, AS ALWAYS, IS TO *BE.*

WHILE OTHERS WRESTLE GREAT TRUTHS AND MYSTERIES--

*SAVAGE POPPED BY LAST IN ISH #21 -- ROO

--I SIMPLY AM.

I MERELY CAME TO WELCOME YOU TO YOUR NEW HOME--

--AND TAKE CARE OF A FEW DETAILS--

--WITH YOUNG Mr. EMERSON.

WHA-- HEY!!

HE'S-- HE'S GOT ME--!!

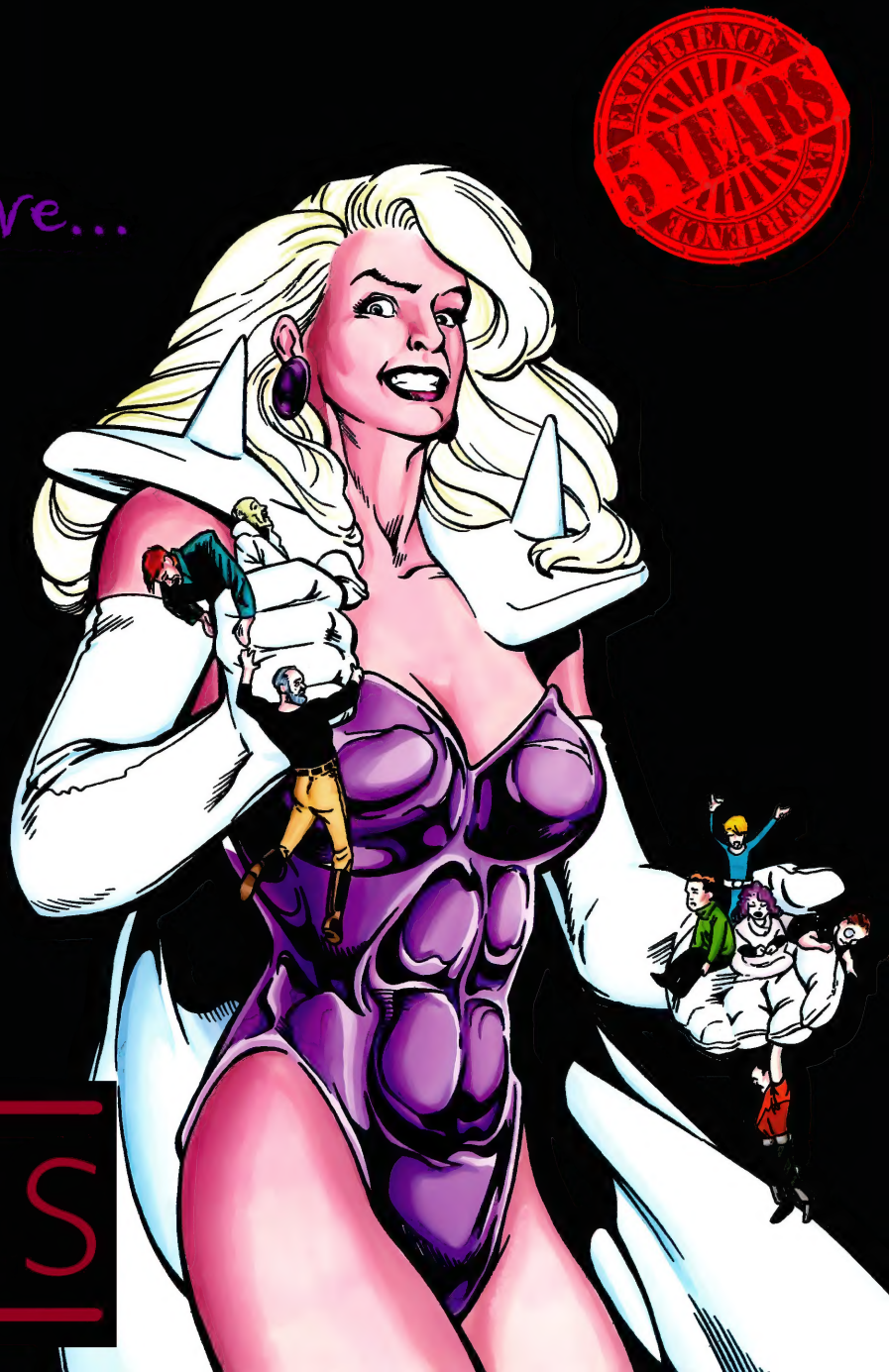
DAMAGE!!

--HELP ME--

CONTINUED IN DAMAGE #15

NEXT: CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER
THE RAY, VANDAL SAVAGE, AND THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

novus